

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor and Proprietor.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

Don't miss the Columbian Bazaar, on Thursday and Friday of next week.

This evening the C. T. A. B. Society has its first annual dance in Town Hall.

Arlington appears to be a favorite resort for sleighing parties.

Post 36 honors the memory of Comrade Gen. R. B. Hayes to-day by placing its flag at half mast.

Post 36 and Corps 43 hold their regular meetings next Thursday, afternoon and evening.

The Addison Gage Ice Co. has been storing ice from Spy Pond this week. Handsomer ice was never cut.

There are signs of movement on the waters of the rather small political sea of Arlington. The "office" is seeking the man" as usual, we presume.

The slight moderation in the temperature yesterday was a grateful interruption to the monotony of the past few weeks.

John B. Chalmers will lead the Christian Endeavor meeting in the church at Arlington Heights, on Friday evening, Jan. 27.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Arlington Baptist church, will hold a sociable in the church vestries, on Wednesday evening next. Supper at seven o'clock.

Owing to the illness of their son Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake have found it necessary to recall the cards sent out for a reception and musicale at the "Maples," for Monday evening next.

The Messrs. Durgin have completed their storage of ice from Little Spy Pond, having harvested a full crop, amounting to about 13,000 tons, of as handsome ice as ever was cut.

In novelty and attractiveness the Columbian Bazaar promises to be an event which none should miss. We are told that the ladies of the Universalist church will surpass all previous records.

The marriage of Mr. Henry A. Dexter and Miss Charlotte Lapham, daughter of the late Mr. Charles O. Gage, of Arlington, will be solemnized at Trinity church, Copley Sq., Boston, Tuesday next, Jan. 24, at high noon.

The subject of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting, held at 6.30 o'clock in the vestry of the Congregational church, Sunday evening, will have for the topic Jan. 22, the following: "God's covenant. If thou wilt—then." Mrs. William K. Cook will lead the service.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will meet in the vestry next Sunday evening, at quarter past six. "God's covenant 'If thou wilt—then,'" is the topic, with Bible reference in Zech. 3:7; John 15:7-8.

Mr. Samuel A. Fowle has fitted up the "Cutter Mill," on Mill street, recently purchased by him, for the manufacture and preparation for the market of a new patented article in which he has a large interest. He will employ a large number of girls to do the packing and labelling.

Arlington abounds in amateur photographers, and several of them have developed quite artistic skill in the capture of sun pictures; but no work we have seen quite equals that of Mr. F. S. Frost and his son Frank. A book of samples which Mr. Frost prepared as a Christmas present was peculiarly rich in artistic work, making an inspection of the book a real treat. Thanks to Mr. Frost for specimens left with us.

The annual meeting of Arlington Orthodox Congregational Society was held in their church vestry, last Monday evening. The pastor's salary was increased to \$2,000, and \$200 additional was appropriated for music. The officers for the ensuing year are:—

Clerk, Wm. K. Cook.
Parish Committee, — Myron Taylor, George D. Moore, Edmund W. Noyes.
Treasurer, — A. Winslow Trow.
Music Committee, — Myron Taylor, G. S. Cushman, R. Walter Hilliard.
Auditor, — George H. Rugg.

The rector of St. John's Episcopal church is preaching a special course of four sermons on Prayer, preparatory to the approaching Holy Season of Lent. The subject of the first, on last Sunday, was "The duty and beauty of Prayer." Next Sunday morning the subject will be "Finding time to Pray." On the two succeeding Sunday mornings the subjects will be "How to Pray" and "The Benefits of Prayer." Evening prayer hereafter will be at 4.30, p. m. instead of at 7.30.

Instead of a falling off in attendance at the High school which has been the almost invariable rule of recent years at the end of the first few months of the new year, there has been an increase and the school now numbers 83 pupils.

The Arlington Bowling team won another game last evening, beating the "Centrals" 2369 to 2009 pins. Stevens made 507, Flanders 516, Durgin 503, while Whittemore fell below 400 and Carter scored 450. In the last frame Durgin made five strikes in succession, thus securing a total of 207.

The entertainment given in Town Hall, last evening, by the Wemyss Juvenile Minstrel Company, under the auspices of the Adelphi Club, had the compliment of a large audience, and the boys making up the company did the best they knew how to amuse the people. All the numbers were well received and several were encored.

Dr. Hooker reports that Mrs. Frederic A. Dutton, on whom Elmer Partridge committed a murderous assault with a pistol last week, is doing as well as could be expected. Young Partridge will appear in court at Cambridge this morning, to plead to the warrant which charges him with assault with intent to kill, but as Mrs. Dutton will not be able to appear, the case may be continued. There is little doubt but what the boy's purpose was to murder Mrs. Dutton and rob the house, but that the sight of her clothing on fire and her cries for help frightened him so that he ran away as fast as he could go.

The Arlington Study Club that entered upon its work under the guidance of Rev. I. C. Tomlinson and Mr. I. F. Hall has opened the way for a systematic study of the early history of our country that will be of permanent value. The class is free to all and any interested are invited to consult either of the gentlemen named in regard to minor details. The club finds it difficult to obtain a suitable place for meeting and our suggestion is that the trustees of Robbins Library allow it the free use of the small hall over the trustees' room. It is so eminently suited to classes of this kind that its appropriation to similar uses must have been originally in the thought of the architect. We advise the class to apply for it and believe the trustees will grant any privileges within the scope of their authority.

A special musical program was presented at the Congregational church, Pleasant St., Arlington, on Sunday last, under the direction of the chorister, Mr. J. C. Prescott, Miss Jennie Sprague presiding at the piano with her well known ability. The gathering of young people was matronized by Mrs. H. B. Pierce and Mrs. Wellington A. Hardy, and there were several guests present. Thus far the class has had unusually cold nights to meet on.

The Columbian Bazaar, for which such elaborate preparations are being made by the Universalist ladies, will occur in the Town Hall, on Thursday and Friday afternoons of next week. In the decorations of the hall, the draping of the booths, the costumes of the participants and the entertainment provided, every feature will suggest the notable life and great work of America's discoverer.

The pastoral relation between Rev. Mr. Hitchcock of the Day street (Congregational) church, Somerville, still remains undissolved although the pastor has resigned and the church has accepted his resignation simply because the council called by natural consent to "review their actions" failed to agree upon the form of resolutions. The council, like its predecessor, takes time to consider, and by vote will meet at Pilgrim Hall, Boston, at two o'clock next Monday.

The second half of Madam Condell's young people's dancing school was inaugurated on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 11th, in Town Hall. The first half was attended mainly by the younger children but the older and more experienced ones have joined in this second half of the Wednesday afternoon lessons and make an unusually large and attractive class, quite as large as one teacher can manage conveniently.

Rev. George W. Cooke, of East Lexington, will give a lecture on "Palestine in the time of Jesus," in the First Parish church, next Wednesday, at 7.30, p. m. The lecture will be illustrated by the stereopticon, the main object being to help the Sunday school pupils in their study of the life of Jesus. There will be no admission fee and the public are cordially invited.

Mrs. Mary A. Rice gave her talk to the children and teachers of the public schools on temperance education, Tuesday afternoon, in Grand Army Hall. Her natural gifts and large experience as an organizer along this line of work under the auspices of the Middlesex W. C. T. Union, enabled her to present the

floor were a profusion of half blown white roses, while on mantles and other resting places were elegant bunches of pink and white roses and several beautiful and appropriate floral pieces. The burial was in Mt. Pleasant cemetery, Arlington.

Recently an attraction and a great help to the music has been introduced in the First Parish Sunday school by Mr. Ceiley in the shape of an orchestra of seven pieces to lead the singing.

We hear the tenants on the second floor of the Savings Bank building are to vacate their premises before April 1st to make way for alterations and changes in the Savings Bank quarters.

Mr. H. W. Berthrong, of Arlington Heights, had an exhibition last week, at Williams & Everett's gallery, Boston, a three-quarters length portrait of Blaine, made for the Pine Tree State Club. Many of Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends pronounce it his best likeness. A duplicate has been finished to be sent to Mr. Blaine's family.

As a token of his appreciation of the gallant work of Arlington Fire Department under the peculiarly trying conditions which obtained at the fire on Pleasant street last week, Mr. C. N. Bacon has sent his check for \$200 to the officers of Arlington Fremen's Relief Association. It was a generous gift which the fremen highly appreciate.

Chief engineer Charles Gott had just stepped from the train at Brattle station, last Wednesday noon, when he was told that an alarm had been rung in from box 54. Jumping on the train he had left (it was then rapidly moving) he was early at the fire just over the Lexington line; but he was an hour or more late for the dinner at the Poor Farm to which he was on his way when the alarm sounded.

The No-license Committee will make an active campaign again this year, with a view to materially increasing the no-license majority. We hope every voter this year will feel the importance of taking time to make a cross in the no-license space. The majority against license last year would have been nearly doubled if all who cast ballots for town officers had voted on this important matter.

The Saturday evening dancing class held their usual weekly assembly in Town Hall, Jan. 14, with a larger attendance than usual. Mme. Condell superintended the dancing and Mrs. Copp

OLD FATHER PETERS.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER I.



"Hold on thar, Father Peters!"

Mr. Robert Peters, or "Father" Peters, as he was called by the mountaineers, was born in Ohio. He was a Campbellite clergyman, and ten years before the war he, with his wife and daughter, moved into the Cumberland mountains in southeastern Kentucky. Only an intense religious spirit could have induced Father Peters to leave his home in the rich lands of the western reserve and to take up his abode among the hills of the Cumberland range. It would be difficult in the United States to find a place and a people in more violent contrast with his old associates. Wealth, or at least comfort and intelligence were the rule in northern Ohio. There was hardly an exception to poverty and ignorance in the new home.

But Father Peters, without giving a thought to the sacrifice he was making, felt that he was coming as a missionary to the heathen quite as much as if he had gone out to the heart of darkest Africa. He built a large double log cabin, that was quite palatial and a model of home comfort in contrast with the cabins of his neighbors, and as he knew that the people were too poor to contribute to his support, he broke up a little farm and astonished his neighbors by introducing agricultural appliances and methods such as they had never heard of or dreamed of.

Soon after his arrival, and with no assistance from those whom he had come to benefit, Father Peters built a log meeting house across the rough mountain road from his home, and sent word through the hills that hereafter there would be preaching every Sunday morning at Bradley's Crossing, as the place was called.

At first the people did not take kindly to the missionary. These mountaineers, while hospitable to passing strangers, do not favor the coming in of outsiders. The man who may not own an acre of rocky hillside is strong in the belief that the mountains round about are the exclusive property of himself and his kin. Then, again, while there were no slaves in this part of Kentucky, the people had a bitter hatred of Abolitionists—a hatred that grew more intense as the day of strife approached. They believed that every northern man was an Abolitionist, and at first they were inclined to think that Father Peters had come into the mountains to spread his pernicious political principles rather than to preach the Gospel.

Although young enough to be her husband's daughter, Mrs. Peters threw her heart and soul into his work. She was a woman of much culture and force of character, and before she had been a year in the mountains she established a school in the meeting house. Excepting Bradley the blacksmith's children and those of a family named Burns that lived near by, the school was not attended. Neither the mountaineers nor their fathers had had any "book larnin," and so they reasoned that their children could get along without it, and then they had a dim notion that schools and abolition were closely related.

Gradually the meeting house became a rendezvous for the mountaineers for ten miles around. It was particularly popular in the summer season. Then groups of lank men and women, often accompanied by troops of ragged, tow-headed children, would come down the mountain trails every Sunday morning. The women, for comfort rather than economy, would carry their rough shoes in their hands and wash their feet and put on their foot covering by the little stream that brawled behind the meeting house. The men often carried their rifles with them to church, and it was the exception to find one who had not a pistol strapped about his waist. It was not unusual for the young men to indulge in target practice while the seniors were listening to Father Peters' sermon, and more than once the services were suddenly ended by a fight between two men who had met by appointment for that purpose.

But Father Peters' farm, quite as much as his preaching, helped to break up the stupid monotony of the mountaineers' methods. Heretofore they never dreamed that anything but potatoes, oats and corn could be raised in the hills. But gradually the preacher's young orchard of apples, plums, pears and peaches began to bear, and his vegetable garden was at once a revelation and a show, of which the congregation never wearied on Sunday.

During the ten years that Father Peters preached and Mrs. Peters taught they never received one dollar from the people; the subject of compensation was never even hinted at, nor did the idea of a donation party ever enter their dull minds. Indeed, they felt that they had a claim on the proceeds of the clergyman's labor, for they helped themselves from his orchard and garden without permission in advance or thanks afterward.

So matters went on till the fall of eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Although his ministrations had not been as successful as he at first expected, yet Father Peters was comforted with the belief that he had done some good for these rude people; he certainly suffered no pricks of conscience from a sense of neglected duty. Since his coming his daughter Ella had grown to be a beautiful young woman. His life focused in her, and in regarding her he forgot that the heavy hand of time was bowing his own shoulders and bleaching his hair like snow.

Bradley, the blacksmith, who was Mr. Peters' nearest neighbor, was a man of unusual physical strength, and before the coming of the preacher he had been noted as a fighter; indeed, he was credited with having killed more than one man. He had been shockingly brutal and profane, and was known far and near as "Strong Dick Bradley," to distinguish him from a cousin of the same name, who was not quite so strong. If the only good done by the clergyman had been the conversion of the blacksmith, his work in the mountains might well be considered a success. Bradley no longer swore nor drank, nor had he had a fight for years. This remarkable change, added to the fact that he was a man of few words, gave the impression to many that "religion had took all the pluck and snap out of Strong Dick Bradley."

As the men in the hills all voted the Democratic ticket, the most exciting elections never created a ruffle among them, but as soon as it became known that the southern states had seceded and that war had come, the stagnation was broken up and the mountaineers evinced, for the first time in their lives, an awful anxiety to learn what was going on in the outside world. Bradley's blacksmith shop became a headquarters at which the war was discussed, and men speculated as to the time when the strife would come to the hills, for they knew it must come as the only relief to the strain between the union and disunion elements.

I have tried to point out in the course of these sketches that a majority of the southern mountaineers were Union men, yet there were places where, without any apparent reason, the secession element largely predominated. This was certainly the case in Father Peters' neighborhood. As in most places the secessionists were here the loudest in their abuse and the most eager for war.

The old clergyman noted with alarm the change that had come over his congregation. As he was a northern man they took it for granted, and they were right in the surmise, that he was devoted to the Union. But knowing that a loud protestation of his loyalty could do no good and might do a great deal of harm, he kept his views to himself and by every means in his power tried to pour oil on the troubled waters.

But when everybody else was so outspoken, the reticence of Father Peters told against him, and the stories of his being an Abolitionist, which were so ripe on his first coming, were again revived, and this time with more bitterness, for the people believed the charge was true. One night as Father Peters was reading in the little log annex he had built for a study, the door opened without any preliminary knock and Strong Dick Bradley came softly in, and with an air of greatest mystery noiselessly closed the door behind him.

"I am glad to see you, Brother Bradley," said the clergyman. "Sit down and tell me the news, for you are in a position to learn what is going on here about."

The blacksmith pulled his chair nearer, and with his big hands to the sides of his mouth to shield his voice, he whispered:

"I'm sorry to tell yo', Father Peters, that there's trouble a brewin' harabout, and lots of hit."

"Trouble to whom, Brother Bradley?"

"Can't yo' guess?"

"I cannot."

"Waal, hit's to yo' and yours," said the blacksmith, with an emphatic shake of the head.

"But surely no one could wish to annoy me. I did not think I had an enemy in the world," said the alarmed clergyman.

"That's jest hit," responded Bradley. "Thar hain't no one ez doesn't allow yer the best preacher in the mountains, but the boys say they don't like yer politics and so they'll make trouble."

Father Peters protested that he had not meddled in politics, and that since the breaking out of the war a few months before he had guarded his words that he might not give offense.

"That's hit; that's why they've got so doggone seepicis. Now, Father Peters, yo' know I've allus been a good friend to yo', ez I should be a blamed dog not to be, seen that you took me by the hand and led me up to the light, bless the Lor! But thar's dainjah all about we uns, mos' powahful dainjah, ez me and the wife allowed this night. And we said of so be yo' could go noth' fo' awhile till the trouble kinder blows ovah, that hit'd be bettah fo' you and fo' yer frienca."

More than once Father Peters and his wife and daughter had discussed this very question; but the old man's strong sense of duty and his innate courage led him to draw back from the serious consideration of a course that meant the abandonment of his missionary work, for he knew that if he left under the circumstances, he could never return with the hope of being useful. He pointed out these arguments to Bradley, and added:

"If I were to fly north with my family at this time I have no assurance that they would let me depart in peace. It is not six weeks since a teacher named White, who was trying to make his way from Tennessee to Portsmouth, Ohio, was murdered in these hills, and his body might have been bleached upon the mountain if you and I had not carried it down and given it Christian burial before the meeting house."

"That's a fac', Father Peters, and hit was jest cos we uns buried that thar pore feller Christian, as we did, that

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made some of the folks so doggone mad and seepicis. Of course they know I'm a Union man clear through and through, but they remembahs the time when I wasn't a Christian fo' shucks, and could lay out a reeg'ment of 'em, two at a time. They kinder 'spect, and mebbe they're not so far outen the way, that thar's a right smart of the old Adam about me yet. Now of yo' think that the good Lor would rather yo' d stay right har and do yo' r'ight, I reckon yo'll find me 'a mis side and yo'r, let the wind blow high or the wind blow low. And bless the God of Israel, Father Peters, thar's my hand on excitement. "As God is my judge I came here with my wife and little one that I might be the humble instrument of saving the people. What, I ask you could I spy out that is not known?"

"We uns know that yo'r a black Republican!" shouted Het Magoone, and he added an oath that shocked even his associates.

"I am not a black Republican. It is perhaps, unnecessary for me to say that neither in the last election nor, indeed in any election within my memory has a Republican vote been cast in Laurel county, Kentucky."

It was the case of the wolf and the lamb over again. Het Magoone had come prepared to worry and humiliate Father Peters, and the fact that he had not the slightest ground for his attack did not change him from his purpose.

"Yo'd a' voted the Republican ticket if yo' had a chance," shouted Magoone. Then, with the manner of a man about to play a card that could not be beaten he asked, "Hain't yo' fo' the Union?"

A Thrilling Tale of the War.



"I had been here but a few minutes when I heard a metallic click, as if made by a scabbard, and cocking my carbine I turned quickly in the direction of the sound, expecting to see an armed man, whether friend or foe."

A Mountain Maid,

By Maj. Alfred R. Calhoun,

Author of the Illustrated Serial, "A Prisoner of War," and Odd Stories.

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without a moment's hesitation Father Peters responded:

"I am a citizen of Kentucky, and as Kentucky is still in the Union I must be a Union man."

"But if so be Kentucky was to secede, would yo' be a Union man then?"

"God give me strength, I would."

"Thar! Didn't I tell you uns he was to the Union, and a man that's for the Union is a black Republican and a Abolitionist!" shouted Het Magoone.

"And I say that's a d—d lie!"

That there might be no mistake as to the man who had given expression to this forcible opinion, Strong Dick Bradley got up, and with his right hand thrown back under his coat, a gesture which even the children present understood, he walked over and stood beside the preacher.

The women now became very nervous, and many of the men turned ashy pale and moved toward the door.

"Dick Bradley this ain't no sarcus o' yours," said Het Magoone, but his brutal bearing was toned down and there was that in the eyes and the movements of the thick lips that told he was not pleased with the bearing of the blacksmith. But gaining confidence as he remembered that two-thirds of the sixty men present were his partisans, he continued: "We uns who's fo' the south ken wait to get even with you uns who's fo' the Union. Thar's plenty of time to settle them things, but what we want now is to get rid of a man fo' the noth who comes down here ez a spy and pretendent that hit's God Almighty's religion. Father Peters, thar's yo'r last sarmint in these har hills."

"Who says so?" demanded Bradley.

"We uns."

"And who's you uns?"

"Me and my friends."

"Neither of yous' nor yo'r friends owns a splinter of this house: from foundation log to clapboard hit's owned by the man ez built hit—the man ez kem down beah to lead us to do right—but that's some men so give ovah to sin. Het Magoone could safely treat him with contempt and set him at defiance. But Strong Dick Bradley's religion, or at least that part of it that had curbed his tongue and his arm, went up and vanished in the smoke of the meeting house, and for four terrible years both had full swing."

While Bradley's religion had received so severe a check, the effect of this attack was to turn his earnest mission feelings into a blind fanaticism that was to find delight in confusions and a soothing comfort in blood. Father Peters, who had just been praying by the blacksmith's side, and now stood holding his arm while they watched the play of the flames destroying the mission, for got his own danger and his own loss as he noted the old black scowl on the face and the devilish light flashing up in the deep gray eyes of Strong Dick Bradley.

"If Jesus Christ won't perfect the place we uns hez fixed up sung fo' him that's his lookout. Hit'll be a d—d long time afah he beez another so good a show in these hills. But by the Great Eternal! the men ez beez did this'll have to pay the insurance in blood. Hold that, Het Magoone! God cuss yo' fo' a dog and a coward! I've got somethin to say afah you uns ride off!"

The last sentence was addressed to Het Magoone, who was now about to mount the horse on which he had come.

I owed when yo' and me growed up I'd have blood for blood: and yo' knowned hit, too, for you kep' outer my way and went to live down Tennessee way. Then Father Peters kin and I got right smart of religion, and yo' felt hit safe to come back, and hit wuz safe, so long's the religion lasted.

"But she's gone, gone a-flickerin' in that fiah you uns made today. Father Peters staid my ahm today, not on 'count of religion, but coz I love him and I'm agwine to stand by him, and by the Great Eternal! I want you uns fah and neah to know hit. Go yo' way with yo' people and make ready. I'll stay back har with my kin and friends, and perhah. And bear in mind, Het Magone, when we uns meet agin that'll be blood, and I won't ax God to have mercy on the dead. Now go, d-n yo'!"

Concluded next week.

No More Chapped Hands.

All the Pain and Discomfort Positively Prevented and Cured

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Medicinal and Toilet Soap.

A COMBINATION of pure Petroleum and Olive Oil. Gives a smoothness and softness to the skin not obtained by any other preparation. Used by Physicians. All dealers have it. The Barney Co., Boston, Mass.

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We undertake the formation of new pleasure grounds and ornamental laying out of grounds, and also trees, PLANTS, TREES AND SHRUBS. After all, and joining when required. Large assortment of all kinds of BEDDING PLANTS for the coming season.

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In all its branches at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bring your carriage and wagon along and give me a trial.

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Retail dealer in

Pure, Fresh Milk.

Customers desiring one cow's milk especially recommended. Proprietor of milk route firmly conducted by A. F. Spaulding.

June 1

BUTTERCUP, POPPY, FORGET-ME-NOT.

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not—These three bloomed in a garden spot, And once, all merrily with song and play. A little one heard three voices say:

"Shine or shadow, summer or spring— O thou child—with the tangled hair And laughing eyes—we three shall bring Each an offering, passing fair!"

The little one did not understand, But they bent and kissed the dimpled hand.

Buttercup gamboled all day long, Sharing the little one's mirth and song; Then, stealing along on misty gleams, Poppy came, bringing the sweetest dreams. Playing and dreaming—that was all, Till once the sleeper would not awake. Kissing the little face under the pall,

We thought of the words the third flower spoke,

And we found, betimes, in a hallowed spot The solace and peace of forget-me-not.

Buttercup shareth the joy of day, Glinting with gold the hours of play; Brings the poppy sweet repose, When the hands would fold and the eyes would close.

And after all—the play and the sleep Of a little life—what cometh then?

To the hearts that ache and the eyes that weep.

A wee flower bringeth God's peace again. Each one serveth its tender lot—

Buttercup, poppy, forget-me-not.

—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

all the critters. When they find out a felier's too sweet on 'em it turns 'em sour."

And the great, strong man—a weakling at this moment—lifted up his voice and sang the following stanza of despair:

Fare well, my lovin' Nellie,
I'll bit you adieu.
I am ruined forever,
By the lovin' of you.

"Oh, don't you be a bit frightened young man, about that girl. Don't I know human nature? Haven't I read the book of humanity from the preface to 'the end,' until every leaf is greasy and yellow with my thumbs? It's my business, young man. From what you tell me about the girl, and the account of your quarrel with her, she is now in the orchard under a tree, lying flat in the grass snubbing' about you. She's rubbing tears from the corners of her eyes right now with her apron. She's drawing deep sighs at this moment, and has a chunk in the throat that she can't either get up or down. She'd give the earth and throw in a few other good sized planets to be all right with you again. Do as I've told you, and if the thing don't work you don't pay me the ten dollars, and I give you leave to kick me clear across the county besides."

The speaker was a traveling peddler and "fortune teller." The gentle man he was addressing, as the reader has guessed, was no other than Tim Holbrook.

"Waal, you better reckon," returned Tim, rubbing his hard hands together in an excess of glee, "if ye can jis' make that at trick work, ye're not only welcome to the ten dollars, but sixteen head of fine fat shucks besides!"

"Git your rope an clear out then, and so will I," impatiently spoke the reservoir of destiny, and off he went toward the cabin residence of old Bill Copfield.

An hour later the "fortune teller" was in front of the Copfield home.

"Hello!" he yelled.

"Hello yerself," glumly spoke a young girl, coming out on the porch.

"I'd like to stop with you and get my dinner," he spoke smilingly.

"There won't be no trouble erabout that. Come in. We hain't got nothin' much to eat, but erabout az good az guss you eruse to while yer goin through this country. Have this cheer. Mam this man wants his dinner. Lemme have your hat, stranger."

A few moments later the fortune teller was at the table. He sat in front of the young girl, and his penetrating eyes told him all that he had suspected. He saw the languid droop of her lids. He saw the paths of tears down her cheeks, so dim that they would not have been detected by an eye less observant.

Dinner being concluded, the man asked the "bill."

"Nuthin," stranger," simultaneously spoke mother and daughter.

"That is certainly cheap," laughingly spoke the fortune teller.

"Yas," returned Mrs. Copfield, "but it's all we ever charge."

"Well, well," spoke the fortune teller. "I must do something for such a good dinner. I am a fortune teller, and I know the young lady would be pleased to know her fortune. Most young people want."

The young girl colored brightly and said she'd "like awful well to have it told if he could tell."

A cup with coffee grounds staining its sides and bottom was soon revolving in the wizard's practiced fingers. Finally in tones of deep gravity, he spoke:

"Young lady, you are in love."

The girl turned to her mother with an astonished look in her eyes. The mother smiled through the veil of astonishment that covered her features.

"You are in love with a young man," spoke the oracle in tones of mystery. "You are in love with a young man not far from here. He loves you. You have lately quarreled. He thinks you hate him, and he has made up his mind to kill himself."

"Young lady, you are in love."

The fortune teller gazed long into the depths of the cup. Then a frightened look sprang to his face. His eyes spread open like saucers. His breast heaved. His hands clutched together. Finally he spoke, hoarsely:

"Quick, girl! Go to him! Go at once! He will soon hang himself!"

"Oh, Lordy Gord!" screamed the girl, wringing her hands, "where, oh, where is he?"

"Down the road, I think. Oh, yes! I see him plain. It's under a big oak down the road not over 300 yards away. Go at once and you can save him. Go! go!"

"Oh, Lord help me! I know just where it is. Will I have time? Oh, Lord!"

But before the man could answer the girl had leaped the fence and was running down the road like a young fawn.

As she neared the great oak she saw her lover climbing up to the first limbs, a new seagrass rope in his hand.

A wild scream broke from the lips of the girl.

"Oh, Tim, for God's sake—for my sake, Tim, don't do that. I'll kill myself, too, if you do. Git down! Oh, do git down! I won't never, never do no more."

The young man, affecting a look of great sadness, leaped to the ground. The girl grabbed his neck in her firm, shapeless arms and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, Tim, what made you do this? You know I never done nothin' to make you mad. I'm nearly crazy now. I won't never treat ye mean no more."

"Oh, bully for you, then, little gal!" returned the happy young giant as he drew her quickly toward his big breast. "You talked so awful mean to me that night afore I left that I thought you hated me. I then made up my mind to hang myself. I'd rather a thousand times over be dead than ter live without ye. You got her just in time. I'd be in dead, stiff an a-grinmin' by this time if ye hadn't er come—I would just shore."

On their way toward the house they met the fortune teller, and the impulsive girl, in the excess of her happiness and gratitude, threw her arms around his neck, while Tim slyly slipped a ten dollar bill into his hand.—James Noel Johnson in Yankee Blade.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"Here's the house, from dome to base, Standing in a sunny place; Rooms there are a half a score; Tiled or polished is each floor; Everything contrived to please— Perfect, as you see, for ease."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here are parlors, sitting rooms, Scented by sweet Jasmine blooms; Halls there are, and chambers, too, Elegant and furnished new; Storeroom with its ample store, Kitchen, pantry and, what's more?"

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Here's the servant's brief brigade— Irish cook and serving maid, Housekeeper—I think that's all. Save the chore boy, close on call; Not a servant on the place; With a sour, unfriendly face."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"I'm the master; look me o'er; And, besides, I've gold galore; Business with the Bryson bank, Where my credits are not blank— Take a deal, 'twixt you and I, For the house and our supply."

"Yes, but where's the mistress?"

"Now see here, my eager friend, That instant quiz should end: What has not yet come about May before the year is out. Still my heart feels no distress, And I'll live without, unless Cupid sends a mistress."

—Edward Vincent in Good Housekeeping.

WHY THE SEA IS SALT

IT RECEIVES MINERAL SALT FROM LAND AND LOSES NONE.

The Process of Evaporation Releases Water from the Oceans, but the Salt Remains. Therefore the Sea Is Continually Growing More Salty.

Why is sea water salt? is a question that has been regarded as a mystery and has given rise to some curious speculations, but a little consideration on the subject must, I think, satisfy us all that it would be very wonderful, quite incomprehensible, if the waters of the ocean were otherwise than salt as they are.

The following explanation was first suggested to myself many years ago when receiving my first lessons in practical chemical analysis. The problem then to be solved was the separation of the bases dissolved in water by precipitating them one by one in a solid condition, filtrating away the water from the first, then from this filtrate precipitating the second, and so on until all were separated or accounted for.

But in doing this there was one base that was always left to the last on account of the difficulty of combining it with any acid that would form a solid compound—a difficulty so great that its presence was determined by a different method. This base is soda, the predominating base of sea salt, where it is combined with hydrochloric acid. Not only is soda the most soluble of all the mineral bases, but the mineral acid with which it is combined forms a remarkably soluble series of salts—the chlorides. Thus the primary fact concerning the salinity of sea water is that it has selected from among the stable chemical elements the two which form the most soluble compounds. Among the earthy bases is one

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Arlington Advocate

OFFICE:

Swan's Block, Arlington Ave

Published every Friday afternoon, by

CHARLES S. PARKER,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00. SINGLE COPIES, 5 CTS

Arlington, Jan. 20, 1893.

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Reading Notices, per line, 25 cents
Special Notices, " 15 "
Religious and Obituary Notices, per line, 10 "
Ordinary Advertisements, per line, 8 "
Marriages and Deaths—free.

Gen. Butler's Funeral

Was a fitting exhibition of the respect Massachusetts pays to the memory of those who have filled the chief office in the State, and the thousands flocking to Lowell to witness the pageant was an illustration of the deep hold General Butler had on the affections of the people.

Now that all occasion for controversies and political differences are past, all realize his sterling worth and signal ability in a variety of fields.

His long-time home at Lowell has always honored him with its respect and love, and on Monday last put forth every effort to make a fitting display of their respect for the man, the soldier, the statesman, and honor to the name and fame he had won.

We presume our young friends have frequently in the past heard their elders talk of "an old-fashioned winter." After the experiences of the past month they in their turn will be able to tell the same old story to the youth of the coming generation, for there is no question but the present winter bears all the marks of the old-fashioned visitor. In short, it is a veritable return of the native.

The mercury has been searching out depths to which it has long been a stranger. The snow, while it has not fallen so heavily here, has yet come with a frequency which makes up for quantity.

Furthermore, this winter is not a local one. The East and the West, Europe and America, alike are the recipients of its attention.

Wednesday evening's papers announced the death of ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes, the nineteenth President of the United States, aged 71 years.

President Hayes won his military title of General by meritorious service in the war of the rebellion, which he entered under the title of Major in the regiment Gen. Rosecrans then commanded as Colonel.

As President he gave to the country an every way creditable administration, and since then his blameless life and active interest in a variety of philanthropic enterprises has enhanced the high reputation for honesty and probity he had achieved in public office.

Mrs. Hayes died a few years ago, and only four of their eight children survive their parents.

The formal action of the Legislature has elected as United States Senator from Massachusetts for six years from March 4, 1893, Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, the action of the recent caucus being fully ratified in the elective event. In the House Mr. Lodge received 161 votes to 71 cast for Hon. P. A. Collins, and in the Senate the vote was Lodge 20; Collins 10.

The day following this vote the two houses met in joint convention with the same result as above announced.

From the announcement of the vacancy to be filled until now, few have had

serious doubts who would succeed Senator Dawes, while the younger element of the party and supporters of Mr. Lodge have been confident the mass of the voters of the State would endorse his candidacy.

The fitness of Mr. Lodge to completely fill the duties of his high office, his political enemies even frankly admit.

We believe he is to be a worthy successor of the most honored who have made Massachusetts felt in all that pertained to national legislation in years past, and that he will prove himself a statesman whose leadership many will be glad to acknowledge.

Mr. Lodge is the thirty-sixth man who has been honored by the state of Massachusetts with a seat in the United States Senate since Congress was organized in 1789. It is an interesting coincidence, by the way, that the great-grandfather of Mr. Lodge, George Cabot, was a United States Senator from Massachusetts just a century ago, he having been elected in 1791 to serve until 1796. His grandson's term will expire in 1899, so that there will be three years in the two centuries when the great-grandfather and the great-grandson will have been wearing the same toga, with a century between them.

We extend our sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Seagraves, called upon to mourn the death of their only child this week. Mr. Seagraves was formerly a resident of Arlington and is now one of the proprietors of the Cambridge Chronicle.

Lawyer Wm. E. Spear, who has

been selected as the man to take the place of United States Commissioner left

vacant by the death of Judge Hallett, is a pleasant genial gentleman of perhaps 45 years. He is a lawyer of repute in the legal circles of Boston, having been

on several important government cases.

Representative Bennett says he is in no way a candidate for the honor of Representative to Congress from the Seventh District.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was

troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away,

and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

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New Home Sewing Machine, 100

Tremont St., Boston. Agents wanted.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic for the Week Beginning Jan. 22.
Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle.

Topic—God's covenant. If thou wilt, • • • then. Zech. iii, 7; John xv, 7, 8.

Hon. Henry B. Lovering has felt it his duty to resign as warden of the State Prison, and Governor Russell has accepted the same. There seems to be no question that lack of ability and absence of previous business training are alone responsible for his failure to discharge properly the duties of his important office, received in payment of a political debt. Warden Lovering bases his action on different grounds. In his letter to the Governor he says:

"In taking this step I am actuated solely by a desire to be relieved from the weary burden of incongruous conditions which attach to the position of warden and handicap him in the performance of his duties. Had the Legislature heeded Your Excellency's recommendations, thrice made, for a more perfect system of responsibility in prison management, and given the warden absolute power over his subordinate officers, while holding him solely responsible for the management of the institution, it would have strengthened his hands in the performance of his duties. Unnecessary friction avoided, and his authority fully respected, it would have clothed him in the substance instead of the shadow of executive authority, and made him warden in something other than mere name."

The following is the standing of the teams in the Amateur Bowling League at the close of last week:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
Casino	17	14	3
Newton	17	14	3
Vesper	17	14	3
Salem	17	14	3
Melrose Highlands	17	12	5
Chelsea	17	12	5
Melrose Athletic	17	10	8
Waverly	17	9	8
Arlington	17	8	9
Jeffries Winter	17	8	11
Kernwood	17	6	12
Lowell Highlands	17	5	12
Jamaica Plain	17	5	12
Oxford	17	4	13
Somerville	17	4	13
Old Dorchester	16	3	13
Allston	17	2	15

Since this table was made up the Arlington Boat Club team has materially bettered its standing, as it ought to do, considering her standing in the total of pins knocked down.

The proposed abolition of the pension agencies throughout the country, in order to save \$500,000 in salaries, looks like saving at the spot. The way to cut down the pension expenditures is to purge the pension roll by striking out the names that do not belong there.—*Herald*.

Why does not the Herald name some of those who ought to be stricken from the pension roll? Its reiteration of the statement made above gives the impression that it has some specific information, and if so, let it be made public.

Who are these veterans whose names do not belong on the list of pensioners? And how came they there? The insinuation which the Herald is constantly

throwing out should be withdrawn long enough to make a direct charge. Then the roll could be "purged" if it was

made to appear that the man had no right to a pension. It is very easy to make the charge which the Herald seems to delight in, but not so easy to prove it. But, should not the Herald be direct rather than general, or does it wish to have it understood that it is opposed to all pensions? If it is, the manly way is to say so, and make its fight in straightforward fashion and not in the way it has been proceeding of late.—*Lynn Item*.

God's Chosen Land.

This American nation has no right to live if it is not a missionary nation. I

speak not now merely of foreign missionary operations, technically so called. I mean that America is the land of light and liberty in order that it may impart light and liberty to others. When it refuses to impart, it ceases to be God's chosen land.

What is true of the nation is true of the individual. Are you specially favored? Have you culture, refinement, comfort, friends, a lovely home? Why?

Stop a moment and ponder that question. Why has God picked you out as one of his favorites on whom to bestow much while others go barren and deserted? Why? He has appointed you by your prosperity to be the bearer to others of what you have thus received.—*Lynn Item*.

Christian Endeavor Notes.

The Endeavor society of the South Bushwick Reformed church, of Brooklyn, calls the roll of associate members at consecration meeting. They are ex-

pected merely to answer, "Present," but it has been the experience of that society that the roll call makes the attendance of the associates more regular.

The members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor connected with the Madanapala (India) School for Boys has been very active in preaching the Gospel. About 16,000 people were reached through their efforts during the past year.

Missionary committees can hardly find a better motto for their work than this sentence by Mr. A. S. Wilson, the secretary of the South Australia union: "As individuals we were won to win; as societies we were formed to form."

Up to a few weeks ago the United Society officials knew of no Christian Endeavor societies in Madagascar. Now they know of thirty. A few weeks ago Secretary Baer knew of no societies in France. Now word has come that the good seed has quietly grown there and has sprung up in several Parisian "societes d'Activite Cetaine," as well as Societies at St. Quentin, Les Ternes and elsewhere.

Iowa has 800 societies of Christian Endeavor, with a membership of 30,000.

The New Jersey state convention of Christian Endeavor societies elected the following officers for the year: President, Rev. J. Judson Pierson, Woodbury; vice presidents, Rev. J. Clement French, D. D. Newark; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, Jersey City; Rev. Frank B. Everitt, Trenton; secretary and treasurer, Miss Caroline H. Brookfield, Belleville.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklin's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

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running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklin's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklin's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold at the drug stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

New Home Sewing Machine, 100

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Specimen Cases.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Mr. Thomas, of Salem, has leased the Willard House, and a new sign greets the passer by; viz. "Lexington Inn."

—Notwithstanding the severe weather, men are working on the new house of the Munroe Land Company and on Mr. Spaulding's double house.

—Fitting honors have been paid the past week to the memory of Gen. Butler when the old hero, true friend and honored citizen was laid to rest beside dear kindred dust.

—Tobogganing and coasting are great sports now for the boys; but we fail to find a boy who will admit any winter sport equals skating.

—We are rather a "measley" community just now. The measles are prevailing in our village and the attendance at the primary school has been almost a minus quantity this week.

—The wedding and reception of Mr. Bartlett J. Harrington and Miss Nora J. Barry, occurring last night (just a little too late for insertion this week), will appear in full in our next issue.

—Scientists, weather prophets and the like, had arrived at the fixed conclusion that we never would have an old-fashioned winter and produced lengthy theories for the cause of the transition; but the extreme, continuous cold for several weeks has given wings to all these statements, and we have realized in good earnest that we are not yet dwellers at the tropics.

—Rev. G. W. Cooke preached an interesting sermon, last Sunday morning, on "Heroism in Daily Life," showing that it was not always necessary to go outside our own homes or communities to find true heroes. They often walked beside us, and by deeds of love and noble self-sacrifice, a constant doing for others and bearing heavy crosses cheerfully, which in the main were unknown to the world deserve, in very truth, the hero's crown of glory.

—We are happy to state that the Band of Mercy has not changed its name. If there was not sufficient breadth in that name for the society to live under it and the member to show a vigorous interest, let it die and we suffer the disgrace, but we are happy to state that a goodly number assembled Saturday afternoon at the reading room and sang the songs of mercy and kindness and read appropriate selections.

—Last Friday evening Mr. Arthur Jewett very kindly invited thirty of our young people to take a sleigh ride. They went in a large barge, drawn by four horses, to Arlington, Waverly and Waltham, and then through Lexington, home. Although the air was crisp and everything betokened the extreme cold, yet with plenty of wraps they had a jolly time and the cold did not touch them. In the absence of the moon the cold frost gave an added brilliancy to their eyes, and they all enjoyed the ride and felt grateful to Mr. Jewett, who contributed so much to their pleasure.

—The Fraternity Conference had for its subject "Dr. Charles Follen," at its last meeting, the same being conducted by Miss Grace Leavitt, aided by many of the young people, who read original essays or from Dr. Follen's writings. Rev. Mr. Cooke called upon some who were present who knew Dr. Follen personally when he was here to tell the young people about him, and Mr. A. Bradford Smith responded and also Mr. Walter Wellington, who alluded to the interesting article in a late number of the Boston Journal in regard to the burning of the steamer "Lexington," on which Dr. Follen lost his life.

—Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th, another of the series of dramatic entertainments came off in Village Hall, which was more than filled with an appreciative audience. Merrill's orchestra furnished fine music during the evening. The entertainment opened with the comic drama, in two acts, "A Black Diamond," followed by the farce "Prof. Baxter's Great Invention; or, old made young." The cast in "A Black Diamond" was as follows: Hulda, "A Black Diamond,"—Mr. Clarence H. Wilbur, who had on a short dress and long sleeved tier and hair tied with bright colored ribbons. Then came the cousins boarding in the country, viz: Emily Makepeace, Annette Frizzelle; Minnie Makepeace, Mabel Smith; Fannie Makepeace, Grace S. Leavitt; Dr. Zinn; Matilda Makepeace (their aunt); Miss Carrie Fiske; Claremont Goodell (a college graduate working on the farm for his board), Carlton Worthen; Capt. Charles Houston, Frank Whilton; George Radford, Carlton A. Childs; the last two being English dudes. The play was simple and natural, but at the same time there were many parts which required skill in the acting and much practice to make the play the success which it certainly was. Too many adjectives weaken rather than strengthen praise, so we shall not particularize, but let the pleasant memory of it to the audience be its eulogy. The play showed that it does not do to judge a diamond by the rough exterior. Dudes may wear the outward garb of gentlemen and that be all, and still we may be foolish and bow down to them while we snub the rich sult when she wears the disguise of a "poor, uninteresting metropolis." There are often seen black diamond Huldas who feel obliged to say, when they try to convince us of their truthful-

FILTHY GARMENTS.

LESSON IV, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Zech. III, 1-10—Memory Verses, 7, 8—Golden Text, Heb. IV, 14—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

By comparing verses 14 and 15 with verse 1 of Hag. I it will be seen that in about three weeks after his first message the work was resumed. Then he had other messages for them in the seventh and ninth months of the same year (Hag. II, 1, 10, 20). The first message came to Zechariah in the eighth month of the same year (Zech. I, 1), and on the night of the twenty-fourth day of the eleventh month he receives a series of seven or eight visions which are recorded in chapters I, 7, to vi, 15. Our lesson is the fourth of these visions, the first three teaching that the hosts of heaven act on behalf of God's people; that for every destroyer there is a repainer, and that God, having chosen Jerusalem, will surely perform all his pleasure concerning her.

1. "And he showed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and satan standing at his right hand to resist him." A prophet represents God to the people, while a priest represents the people before God. This high priest represents the nation of Israel as appearing before God for a blessing, and the great adversary is there also to prevent this blessing if he possibly can. I suppose that no individual or nation ever came to God without knowing something of the resistance of the adversary.

2. "And the Lord said unto satan: The Lord rebuke thee, O satan; even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" See chapter II, 12; Ps. cxlii, 13. God had chosen Israel and Jerusalem, and that settled it. Ananias thought that Saul of Tarsus was too desperately wicked to expect anything good from, but God's "Go thy way, for he is a chosen vessel unto me," settled all that (Acts ix, 15). God knows His instruments before He chooses them, and is prepared to cleanse and qualify for His service at any cost.

3. "Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments and stood before the angel." Here is the ground of satan's resistance. Israel could not deny her filthy garments; no more can we. We must cry out with Isaiah, "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips" (Isa. vi, 5), and with Job, "I abhor myself" (Job xlii, 6), for "all our righteousnesses (our very best things) are as filthy rags" (Isa. lix, 6). Every month must be stopped and all the world plead "guilty" before God (Rom. iii, 19).

4. "Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him He said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment." Thus He will yet remove the iniquity of that land and of that people in one day (verse 9), and they shall be all righteous (Isa. ix, 21). Thus He now forgives sins and says to every true penitent who confesses all and hides nothing, "Son, daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee" (Math. ix, 22). All our efforts at goodness are like Adam and Eve's fig leaf aprons compared with the garments of light which they lost. But the Lord God provides garments of salvation, and we have only to drop our fig leaf aprons, cast aside all our own righteousness and gladly accept God's provision, and then sing Isa. xli, 10.

5. "So they set a fair miter upon his head and clothed him with garments, and the angel of the Lord stood by." The miter was the linen headress worn by the priest, the most conspicuous part of which was the golden plate or crown, upon which was inscribed, "Holiness Unto the Lord" (Ex. xxviii, 36-38). In the days of Israel's restoration and salvation Jesus, their king, will be "A Priest Upon His Throne" (chapter vi, 13), a priest king after the order of Melchizedec. The church will reign with Him as priests and kings for such are we even now by faith in Him (Rev. v, 9, 10; 1, 6).

6. 7. "And the angel of the Lord protested unto Joshua, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, If thou wilt walk in my ways, and if thou wilt keep my charge." Salvation from beginning to end is of the Lord. He alone is the author and the finisher, and we are the recipients. But being plucked from the burning and cleansed and separated unto God, Israel is to walk with Him and show forth His power and glory. So with the believer. He is saved not simply to escape the wrath of God and reach heaven at death, but to abide here in a mortal body amid conflict and trial as long as it please the Lord, showing forth the life of Jesus in His mortal flesh (II Cor. iv, 10, 11). This is to the natural man impossible; but what Christ has done in a mortal body He can surely do again, and one of the Christian's mottoes is, "Not I, but Christ, who liveth in me" (Gal. ii, 20).

8. "Hear, now, O Joshua, the high priest, Behold I will bring forth my servant, The Branch." While the words of the Book have to do with the time when the words were spoken, there is always a looking forward to the grand consummation when Jesus shall come in power and glory for the complete overthrow of all enemies and the permanent establishment of His kingdom on the earth. In connection with His name, The Branch, I hope you will look up chapters vi, 12; Isa. iv, 2; Jer. xxiii, 5; xxxii, 15. Here He is the servant fully seen in Mark's Gospel; in Jer. xxiii, 5, He is the King of Matthew's Gospel; in Zech. vi, 12, He is the Man of Luke's Gospel, while in Isa. iv, 2, He is the beauty and glory of John's Gospel. He is alpha and omega, the altogether lovely one, in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.

9. "For behold the stone that I have laid before Joshua; upon one stone shall be seven eyes." He is the stone of Israel, despised by the builder's and rejected, and yet to be head cornerstone. He is the stone cut out without hands who shall break in pieces all kingdoms and fill the earth with His glory (Gen. xlii, 24; Ps. cxvii, 22; Isa. viii, 14; xxviii, 16; I Pet. ii, 6-8; Math. xxi, 42; Dan. ii, 44, 45). The seven eyes suggest omniscience, as the seven horns and eyes of Rev. v, 6, suggest both omnipotence and omniscience. The engraving suggests the righteousness of the law graven by God upon tables of stone, and which was fulfilled in Him and shall be in Israel when their iniquity shall be taken away.

10. "In that day, saith the Lord of Hosts, shall ye call every man his neighbor under the vine and under the fig tree." In I Kings iv, 25, this language describes the peace and prosperity of the kingdom under Solomon. Here and in Mic. iv, 4, it describes the tranquil prosperity and millennial blessedness of the coming kingdom under a greater man than Solomon, and peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order it and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever. The seal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this (Isa. ix, 7).

Some Death Losses Paid by the Mass. Mutual Life Ins. Co.

From Oct. 20, 1892, to Nov. 20, 1892.

No. of Policy.	Name of Insured and Residence at Time of Death.	Amount of Policy Including Additions.	Premiums Paid Less Dividends.	Proftion Invest'd
9,012	Isaac D. Allen, Newton, Mass.	\$1,000	\$166.36	\$888.64
12,298	John B. Stewart, Auburndale, Mass.	2,000	515.54	1,454.46
19,321	Catharine M. Hess, Philadelphia, Pa.	4,877	2,619.70	2,207.36
48,357	Andrew J. Houghton, Crookline, Mass.	5,000	244.12	2,245.85
54,292	Warren E. Pevar, Bambbridge, Mass.	1,500	230.93	2,080.63
55,889	Andrew J. Houghton, Brookline, Mass.	15,000	3,701.12	11,248.88
70,419	Simeon R. Folsom, Dover, N. H.	2,000	285.00	1,744.20
73,601	William Morris, Covington, Ky.	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
73,601	"	5,000	574.45	4,425.55
77,785	John H. Pope, Forest City, Ark.	5,000	141.20	4,888.80
79,192	William M. Runk, Philadelphia, Pa.	10,000	452.00	9,548.00

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LOVE THAT LOITERS.

They will bring their hoarded kindness
When our ears are deaf to love;
When the grasses wave above
And bewail their present blindness.

When we cannot heed regret
They will waste their shallow tears,
As if such could pay arrears
Or discharge the living debt.

They must know we shall not crave
Sunshine in you grim retreat;
Gifts of life, however sweet,
Yet they keep them for the grave.

Though the grave has but despair,
And hollow echoes wait
All who knock at that world gate,
Still pour their treasure there.

Let the snowy shaft aspire;
We shall never read the lie;
Grief uprears the marble high,
But remorse can rear it higher.

They will come when we are dead,
When to love our lips are dumb;
Then our lagard friends will come
And strew flowers overhead.

—Mrs. N. B. Moragne in New York Advertiser

AMADO.

I had not seen Sawyer—"Cal," as we called him—since we parted at Harvard upon commencement day, when, full of fervor and the class punch of '81, we swore to keep one another in sight. Cal went home and into leather, and I to a desk in Wall street. Now, five years later, I had almost run over my old college mate in my nightily mad rush for the L. I seized him by the arm and bore him along, postponing apologies until I had him packed into my little-up town flat and introduced to my wife, who was the dearest woman on earth to me still, and who I knew could comfort and console the tall Californian as I could not, for I had already discovered that Sawyer had come east in pursuit of the einzige Weibliche.

When dinner was over my wife slipped away to see if the baby was really sleeping as only such "bald headed tyrants" can, leaving us unnecessary and irresponsible men smoking and reminiscing in my den of 5 by 9.

Suddenly a blow on the door startled Sawyer almost out of his chair.

"His majesty wishes to come in," I said, rising and opening the door.

"What a magnificent brute!" exclaimed Sawyer.

"Not 'brute,' if you please, Cal, but my friend. Amado, kindly shake hands with my old friend here and then compose yourself. You know your are rather pervasive in a room of this size."

My mastiff gravely did as he was bid and then settled himself at my side with a thud that made the things shake on the table.

"That's about the only uncivilized thing about him," I said, laughing. "He still remembers that his wild ancestors had to make their bed in the wilderness and crushed the tangle of vine and root under them."

Sawyer, who was quite as much of an animal lover as myself, knelt down beside the dog, fairly running over his points of beauty and of breeding—his coat of delicate fawn, silvery on flank and shoulder; his breadth of chest and strength of loin, the velvet blackness of his muzzle, the whiteness of his teeth, the clear brown of his eyes, the pure, rich scarlet of his tongue, the black markings of the mouth and the sinewy power of his straight, wide paws.

"Where did you find such a magnificent dog, you enviable fellow?" asked Sawyer as he seated himself and re-lit his cigar.

"Dear old chum! He is getting passive and rheumatic. I've owned him now three years, and I've never yet regretted the small fortune I had to pay to get him from the former owner—a person wholly unworthy to possess even a pup. But it is for better reasons than points or pedigree that he is beloved next to the boy, and even the boy can't put his nose out of joint. He was the dنس ex machina that gave me my wife."

"Ahh! That sounds interesting," said Sawyer. "Tell me the whole story. I've confided to you my plight, and you won't find a better listener."

I had never before felt the least inclination to babble of my own affairs, past or present, but if I could sooth and distract the mind of this old classmate that was plainly my duty. "Very well, then, here goes for it. You will find it as mild as a homeopathic pellet, but it was interesting enough to me." I said this with well affected indifference, but was really eager to begin.

"Margaret—my wife—and I had grown up together in a little town in southern Ohio. You know the kind perhaps—everything pastoral and religious, all church and no chaperons—where the boys and girls were allowed, the utmost liberty, a liberty, it must be admitted, they did not abuse, but used and enjoyed with a sort of sturdy sanity and self respect impossible in this sophisticated, crowded city of conventionalities. We—she and I—lived side by side and held long and confidential conversations over the stiff, green wire fence that separated our grape arbor from her bed of tea roses. I saved the last sweet, frosty bunch for her; and at the first chill hint of winter helped her cover her roses with straw, making their tall stalks into queer, angular scarecrows for Jack Frost's terror.

"My mother was a New Englander, and the thirst for knowledge of books and men that smoldered in her breast flamed into power for her only son, and so I was sent to Harvard. While still a freshman I came to regard my native town as the vanishing point in the perspective of an inglorious past. With what a lofty smile I should have received the hint that the dark eyed little girl whom I had left to tie her roses alone might one day amply avenge all my slights!"

"I concealed my boyish delight in life under the most pronounced and classic indifference, and I wonder even now how ever my mother could put up with me. My old friends laughed at my airs and my reformed accent, secretly disliking and envying me. I naturally found it much pleasanter to spend my vacations in the soothing atmosphere of beings like myself, after a brief visit to my mother.

"During these occasions I saw Margaret only once or twice, and always carried away the disturbing impression that she was in no way impressed either by my superior manners or talents. This was slightly annoying, as she was fair and away prettier than any girl of my acquaintance, east or west. To be sure, I had made her blush—such an exquisite red—but it was with vexation. Upon my first departure we had written one another quite regularly, but about the middle of my first year I received a letter from her, in which she professed humbly to believe that her western ways were but a burden to such an exalted being as I had become—and wrote no more. Her letters were so fresh and individual that I missed them, but I was fatuous enough to accept her silence as a simple-hearted tribute to my worth. I saw, Sawyer, when a man is a fool how many different ways he finds to show it!"

"Or when he is in love!" added Sawyer ruefully.

"That stage was to come soon enough. Along the last months of the year I had caught 'winged words' here and there regarding some not impossible she, spending a year in Boston, who had become a creator of contention between various givers of college 'spreads.'

"You were in '80 and of course not interested. Would this she accept one or all of the invitations showered upon her? Would she like Van Rensselaer's rooms best, filled as they were with old colonial furniture and silver, or would she prefer to linger at Tarrey's, in a purely Bohemian atmosphere, with boxing gloves and burrings?

"The affair promised to be interesting, and I was bent upon being a witness, possibly myself, not wholly unnoticed. It was therefore with a very bad grace that I read in a letter from my mother that Margaret Burton was in Boston, asking me to see that she was suitably initiated into the preciousness of things Harvadian. And yet I was piqued enough when in answer to my formal note—I had dispensed with the needful call—I received a closely worded little note saying that she had already accepted for 'spreads' at Weeds and Halworth. I had of course supposed that she knew nobody, and had been by no means averse to act the modern mentor to a fair Telemaca. Of course you've guessed the end. Even an expert detective would have a clew by this.

"But I was as unsuspicious as only a foregone conclusion can make one, and when I sauntered into White's rooms at Halworth and saw Margaret surrounded by 'the superlatives,' as we call them, smiling, gracious, witty and wholly at ease, I was dumfounded, overcome, exasperate. Whether it was that my nativity spoke for me, or as I think now, from pure womanly kindness, Margaret neither scorned me, as I deserved, nor froze me, as she well knew how. She gave me her hand in its long yellow glove, made a place beside her, and then seemed to quite forget me.

"I've made a lengthy preamble, but the denouement is at hand. Suffice it that the next year I was her slavish shadow. I climbed awkwardly down out of the rarefied air of my superiority, content to be in the same world with her. She perhaps suspected the truth of one of my own epigrams—that it is only an unrequited love that makes a man good and keeps him humble. She was sweet and frank and charming, but she had no blushes to hide from me. There were no quarrels to make up, and while I got as many smiles as the rest, the rest were many and ardent—I was never given confidence nor made trembling witness of a tear.

"Wherever Margaret went I followed, usually on a later train, as I was always forbidden if I stated my intentions. Now comes the crisis, modestly dramatic! Margaret had gone to Narragansett for a week. After two days I found the town insupportably hot, and getting off late arrived at the hotel about 11 o'clock. There was dancing in the ballroom, and as I registered at the desk through the wide doors I could see the lights and the moving figures. As I hesitated there, making up my mind, as there was no chance of a dance

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A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH STORED IN ONE BUILDING.

How the Precious Stuff Is Guarded—Great Care Is Necessary in the Handling of the Product—Whalebone Is Very Valuable Nowadays.

In a little brick and stone structure on the Potrero shore of the bay there is a million dollars' worth of whalebone stored, and it is guarded as jealously as if it were so many twenty dollar gold pieces or its weight in precious stones. It is the property of the Pacific Steam Whaling company and came off the whaling barks Beluga, Mary D. Hume, Agenor and America, in from the arctic.

The building is a perfect vault with brick and stone sides, iron roof and iron doors. All around the top runs a perforated pipe by means of which the whole interior could be flooded if a fire should by any possibility break out. Rats are thick on the water front and can do a great deal of damage to a cargo of whalebone, so small iron doors have been put in to answer as barricades when the big ones are opened to air the place. Oilskins such as the fire patrol use are spread over the cargo as the final additional precaution that human ingenuity can suggest.

The uninitiated on first stepping into the cold, cheerless place, with its damp cement floor, are apt to wonder why it has all been done. The long black stalks don't look like much piled against the walls, and to hear their immense value set forth is enough to take the breath away. But the place does not always contain a \$1,000,000 stock. The season was a most profitable one and in consequence the warehouse is nearly full.

"The lady purchasing a few sticks of whalebone on her shopping tour scarcely realizes the immense risk and the great amount of labor necessary to place it on the counter," said W. R. Wand, one of the representatives of the whaling company. "There is a big risk even here. We can take no chances. In the rough, after a simple polishing, the bone is worth five dollars a pound, and we have at least 200,000 pounds on hand now. When the vessel docks at the wharf yonder we pitch in and work day and night until the cargo is housed here, and then we try to get it off on the railroad as soon as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility, I can assure you."

"Where does most of the bone go?" was asked. "A great deal of it goes to New York," replied Mr. Wand, "but most of the cutting is done in Paris and at Bremen. A little is done in London. We polish it off here, get the color, assort it out and put it up in bundles. Then it is forced through to its destination as rapidly as possible. While it is here this little structure is guarded day and night. A million dollars is something of a responsibility, I can assure you."

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Several of the bundles bore the mark M. D. H. in a diamond. "That," said Mr. Wand, "is the name of the vessel from which the bone was taken, in this instance the Mary D. Hume, a vessel which brought the most valuable cargo ever received from the arctic seas. One or two of these bundles are marked 'cut,' you observe. That is to guide the buyer when the bone is offered for sale. It signifies that the bone is nicked on some portion of it. The value is greatly reduced, and we must therefore handle the cargo like eggs. If roughly handled a cargo of whalebone can be well nigh ruined. The slightest cut in a stalk brings it down in value about one-half."

The lawyer for the accused made an objection without confidence, which was denied, and he sat down dejectedly. He was young, and paid for taking up the case in the experience it was supposed to give him. Witnesses were called corroborating the plaintiff's testimony. The defense? There was none of any weight; the young lawyer had conjured what there was out of byplaces; the prisoner could ask only for leniency. The money had been used to buy drink with. Would the court be lenient? the lawyer asked.

The gray haired plaintiff evidently saw something familiar in the old woman with the young mother and child sitting in the row of spectators. He looked closely at the face hardened with suffering: little to connect it with its youth was to be seen. The old countryman rose and walked outside the railing to where she was sitting, his face whiter than his hair and his hands trembling.

"Aren't you Sue Whiteside?" he asked.

"I was—once."

"You ran away from home to be married to a young New York feller?"

"Yes." She shuddered. She felt the clear eyes of the old man upon her. What was coming next? He knew about her history! She tried to cover her rags. Pride did not last long, while the man continued to look at her narrowly and mystified. What was the use of covering? She was low down forever now. Her life would have soon run its stretch.

"Don't you know me? I am your brother."

"John. John!" She drew away from him.

"Why didn't you write to us?"

"I was ashamed. I had nothing to tell only misery!"

"You killed your mother. She never smiled after that night."

"Let me go. No, no; save my boy. He is the only support we have."

"Since it is your first offense, and, I hope, your last one, I will be lenient," the judge was saying.

"Your honor, sir." The old man stood again within the rail. "There was a little misunderstanding. This boy is my nephew. I'll take him away from the city. I withdraw my charge, and I wish you would let him go free, your honor."

"I will."

The accused put on his derby hat and slouched over where the little knot of relatives was gathered. He looked at his child, its mother and grandmother.

"The kid's gettin' fat. Ain't he, Mary?"

"Now you are all goin' back home with me!"

"Home? Never, never"— The fallen sister started to go, drawing the thin shawl about her shoulders.

"I do not live in Painsville now. Sure, I am in the west. No one will know you out there."

A sigh of relief, content, happiness issued from the grandmother's lips. The weary woman felt the baby to be lighter on her knee. The child crowed as if he thought the west the best kind of a place for a growing baby.

"I don't like to leave old New York for the country," said the young man. "There's nothin' going on out there. Mebbe 'twill be easier sittin'. Say, old man, you got five cents about you? I ain't had a drink for three days—seed"— New York Herald.

"Swede Violets."

"About the best thing I've heard this season," said a veteran actor on the Thespian corner of Broadway, "was in Omaha a short time ago. There are a great many Swedes out there and they were getting up a celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Sons of Sweden. A committee of the order called upon Gus Heege, who was playing there in 'Yon Yonson' at the time, and invited him to take part. They asked him incidentally what they'd better sing."

"Swede Violets," said Gus promptly. — New York Herald.

A FORTUNATE THEFT.

A PATHETIC COURTROOM SCENE IN THE METROPOLIS.

Mother, Son, Daughter and Grandchild Make Up a Heartrending Sight—A Recognition That Brought Up Many Sad Recollections—A Brother's Love.

It was a veritable athlete of a baby. He had a carful for an audience that watched his antics with rapt attention. His round cheeks were nearly as red as the homely red hood enveloping his head. His dress was not much in the way of style, adornment or protection; his small toes were out of his red shoes, but he did not mind that; he rather liked it because of the freedom it gave him. He divided his time between looking around at the passengers and worrying his mother and grandmother, at intervals doing both at once as easily as one.

What was he on earth for? The blue eyes could find no answer in the passengers' faces.

His mother's eye pits were deep today and his fists fitted nicely into the cavities. He plied them vigorously for a moment. Then he pulled the mother's nose as if he would stretch it a little. He kicked at his mother and she smiled slightly. At this he uttered a scream and ran his fingers into his mouth. It was an unusual thing for grandmother to smile. She cannot remember ever having smiled before, it was so long ago since she had.

The mother looked thin—thin because she did not have enough to eat—and as if she hated all of the world save her baby. She did not mind the child's pounding. It was like striking herself in play. The little fellow was of her flesh, and had absorbed all of her strength. She cared not for her future if her baby could be provided for. She looked upon him as all her own. He was nothing of his father's. His father? They were going to see him.

"He's a smasher, ain't he?" the conductor said, stopping the car, and the least bit of pride showed itself in the mother's face as she descended the steps. The swing of the baby's weight throwing her almost prone upon the pavement.

They climbed the stairs, the three generations—child, mother, grandmother—into the courtroom. The judge was looking neither grave nor stern; he was looking commonplace; the case before him was one of everyday occurrence.

The first witness was called—the plaintiff. John Whiteside. Whiteside had been relieved of some few dollars in money. He was a countryman when he came to town to sell his produce—four handed, law obeying, shrewd. A thief should be jailed forever; hanging was none too good for him, he thought. He had a straightforward tale. The mother of the accused sat looking fixedly at the man on the stand; the young mother and wife wept; the baby threw its arms around its mamma's neck and screamed.

The lawyer for the accused made an objection without confidence, which was denied, and he sat down dejectedly. He was young, and paid for taking up the case in the experience it was supposed to give him. Witnesses were called corroborating the plaintiff's testimony. The defense? There was none of any weight; the young lawyer had conjured what there was out of byplaces; the prisoner could ask only for leniency. The money had been used to buy drink with. Would the court be lenient? the lawyer asked.

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Seashore, Forest, and Mountain

THE publisher of this paper has made special, and for this locality exclusive, arrangements by which we are able to offer to our readers, WITHOUT EXPENSE, the full service of the

Recreation Department of The Christian Union

This department was organized to assist persons in their travels, by furnishing them with time-tables of any Railroad or Steamship line, the circular or card of any Hotel or Boarding-house, whether in cities or at Summer, Winter, Sea-coast, or Mountain Resorts, Sanatoriums, or Springs. Information of this character, COVERING ANY LOCALITY IN THE WORLD, is furnished promptly and fully. If you will write, telling where you wish to go—either in this country or Europe—the most helpful circulars and time-tables will be sent you, together with descriptive printed matter issued by the railway or steamship lines by which you wish to travel. Letters and inquiries may be addressed either to this office or to the RECREATION DEPARTMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN UNION, 13 Astor Place, New York.

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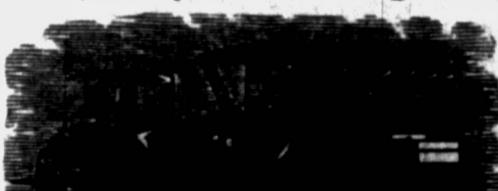
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Residence on Mystic street.

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ROBERT P. CLAPP,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

46 WATER ST., BOSTON.

Residence, Merriam Street, Lexington.

—New York Herald.

PAYING A DEBT OF KINDNESS.

An Indian Brave Who Never Forgot the

Mercy Shown His Band.

About the middle of this century there was a terrible uprising among the Yuca Indians. For a time they were able to wreak vengeance on their white conquerors, and their ferocity and cruelty were horrible. Even so dark a page of history as this, however, is not without its story of kindness and mercy between enemies. The town of Peto was so situated in the Indian territory that it was taken by the Indians and recaptured by the whites many times. Once, when it was in the hands of its rightful owners, a number of Indian prisoners were held.

Less cruel than the savages, the whites killed only in battle; they allowed their prisoners to live. But provisions became more and more scarce, and the Indians were left to die of hunger. One day Don Marcos Duarte, a wealthy inhabitant of the town, was passing the house where the Indians were stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emaciated creature.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I am eating my shoes, as you see," was the reply. "I am starving to death. For twelve days we have had almost no food. Most of my companions are dead and the days of the rest are numbered."

Persuaded to Work.

While in Cajamarca in the Cordilleras I was sitting with my hosts one evening at the door of their house. Suddenly there was a great noise in the quiet street, and a horseman rode up. It was a friend of the family, who was on his way to settle an account with a troublesome debtor. When we hinted that a creditor would hardly be ordinarily received at such an hour, he touched something hanging on the pommel of his saddle, and said that he had something there which would settle the matter.

His debtor was an Indian who lived not far away in the country, and who had promised to make for him 300 or 400 large adobe bricks in payment for some small wares which he had purchased two years before. He seemed perfectly willing to fulfill his contract, and whenever he was reminded of it would promise to be on hand the next day; but he never appeared.

The merchant was repairing his house, and according to the custom of the country had taken the law into his own hands. An hour after he left us he returned, calling out triumphantly. "Well, I have my man, you see."

His lasso was unrolled. One end was tied to his saddle; the other was fastened about the wrists of an Indian. I shall never forget the captive's impulsive face. His strong features, framed in long locks of hair, expressed neither anger nor astonishment—only philosophical submission to fate. The next day at dawn I saw him cheerfully at work with the air of a man who was glad to pay his debts.

Curiously enough, when some time later another man wished to engage his services he declined the offer. He liked his employer and his work and had no desire to better his condition.—Marcel Monnier.

Death to the Horses.

It is a white and dreary plain. There is a line of straggling gum trees beside a feeble water course.

Six wild horses—brombies, as they are called—have been driven down, corralled and caught. They have fed on the leaves of the myall and stray bits of salt bush. After a time they are got within the traps.

They are all young and they look not so bad. We start. They can scarcely be held in for the first few miles. Then they begin to soal in perspiration. Another five miles and they look drawn about the flanks, and what we thought was flesh is dripping from them.

Another five, and the flesh has gone. The ribs show, the shoulders protrude. Look! A poler's heels are knocking against the whiffletree. It is twenty miles now. There is a gulf in your throat as you see a wreck stagger out of the traces and stumble over the plain, head near the ground and death upon its back. There is no water in that direction. worn out creature.

It comes upon you like a sudden blow. These horses are being driven to death. And why? Because it is cheaper to kill them on this stage of thirty miles than to feed them with chaff at \$250 a ton.

And now another sways. Look at the throbbing sides, the quivering limbs. He falls.

"Driver, for heaven's sake, can't you see?"

"I do; so help me God, I do. But we've got to get there. I'll let them out at another mile."

And you are an Anglo-Saxon, and this is a Christian land.—"Round the Compass in Australia."

Effect a Compromise.

In a certain Maine town lives a man who for many years has been engaged in the grocery business, but receiving a good offer he sold out to a younger man and retired to private life. But the ruling passion was too strong to let him long be idle, so he commenced building a store on his land, which adjoined that of the Methodist church. For a time everything went harmoniously and the new store neared a state of completion. But just at this point up came one of the trustees of the church and said, "Your store sets over on our land one foot and it will have to be moved." This rather staggered the prospective grocer, and he retired to ponder over the question and study the deeds of his land and test the measurements.

In doing this he discovered that the back of the church rested over on his side of the line three feet. Armed with this new argument he said to the church owners, "If you will move your church three feet I will move my store one." This view of the case was a new one to the church authorities, but recognizing its force they made all haste to effect a compromise.—Lewiston Journal.

Not the Weaker Sex.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are indeed women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitterer than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heliogabalus survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and similarly the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Buried Wealth in France.

In Normandy the English conquest in the Fifteenth century, followed by their ultimate expulsion, has given rise to many traditions of buried treasure, which the least superstitious attribute to the English. Throughout France the Revolution, without doubt, gave occasion to many secret hoards, the owners of which may well have perished in the massacres and proscriptions of the Reign of Terror.—All the Year Round.

Antique and Modern Fashions.

Dr. Julian Chihsing says that there are engraved stones and monuments in the British museum which prove that the present fashion, both in dress and headgear, is almost identical with that of the women of Babylon at about the time of the flood.—St. Louis Republic.

Arlington Locals.

Continued from 1st page.

Heads of departments are now busy with reports which must shortly be placed in the hands of the printer.

On Monday Post 36 displayed the flag at half-mast in honor of the memory of comrade Gen. Butler, whose funeral took place in Lowell on that date.

The eighteenth reunion of the Alumni Association of graduates of Cotting High school occurs Tuesday evening next, in Town Hall.

There will be an oyster supper and entertainment, Feb. 8th, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Mission Circle of the Pleasant street Congregational church.

There are about 500 people who have not as yet paid their subscriptions to the ADVOCATE. The publisher could make good use of the money if it was handed in next week.

The flag was displayed on Grand Army Hall flag-staff at half mast, on Monday, in honor of Gen. Butler, who was buried on that day.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l B. Dean returned to Europe on Monday on the German Lloyd Line, after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends in this town and locality.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, with their son Nelson, start for Florida today. The journey is undertaken mainly for the benefit of the young man's health.

It is strictly an American remedy; home-made and without any foreign flavor, we refer to Salvation Oil. The greatest cure on earth for pain.

The following set of resolutions have been forwarded to G. A. R. Post 119, in recognition of the recent presentation to Lexington's three Color Guards:

Whereas, Post 119, G. A. R., having conceived the idea of the formation of Color Guards in the schools of Lexington, has supplemented that idea with the presentation to said Guards of suitable uniforms.

Resolved, That we, members of said Color Guards, thoroughly appreciate the honor conferred upon us, first, in the formation of the Guards and second by the presentation to us of suitable uniforms, and hereby express and resolve to be worthy of the honor conferred upon us and our hope that we may earnestly emulate the example of the "Boys in Blue."

That we hereby express our thanks to W. M. C. No. 97, who gave the financial assistance necessary.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be printed in the LEXINGTON MINUTE MAN and be forwarded to Post 119 and W. M. C. 97.

Signed

HOWARD NICHOLS,
High school sergeant.

LOUIS L. CROUSE,
Hancock school sergeant.

EDWARD G. WHEATON,
Adams school sergeant.

The formation of the Color Guard was Commander Darling's idea, which he formed in the hope that it might bring the children, and through them the community, into closer and more intimate relations with the Post and Corps and the patriotic principles they represented. This meeting practically closed the two years of Commander Darling's administration, and in that time he has shown that although our post is few in numbers, it can and has done as good work, and in many cases better, than larger Posts, as has been shown by the Dept. Insp. reports, and we are confident this good work will be continued under Commander-elect Kauffmann, who is to be installed next week.

Friday evening, January 13, in Hunt Hall, was held the annual meeting of the Baptist Church Corporation. Routine business was transacted and officers chosen to serve the ensuing year as follows:

Clerk and Treas.—Geo. F. Meade. Standing Com.—Rev. A. E. Woodsum, Geo. F. Meade, Geo. T. Norris, C. P. Ashley, Dr. Geo. A. Raymond.

Prudential Com.—Dea. A. F. Fessenden, Dea. I. J. Whittier, Geo. Roberts, John McPhee.

A committee was chosen at this time to have the matter of collecting subscriptions for the church in charge during the year. The minor officers of the church and society are appointed by the officers of the Corporation. The officers of the Sunday school have been selected as follows:

Supt.—C. P. Ashley.

Asst. Supt.—A. S. Chatfield.

Sec.—Miss Emily Ferguson.

Treas.—Geo. F. Meade.

Librarian.—Walter Wilkins.

The Monday Club met with Mrs. B. F. Brown, at her residence on Hancock street, Monday afternoon. More than usual interest was attached to the meeting from the fact that several of the ladies of the Club read papers occupying ten minutes' time or more, the general purport of them being a comparison of the Assyrian-Chaldean art and architecture with that of the Egyptians. This meeting completing the study of the achievements in this line of these ancient peoples, the Club at its next lesson will commence the study of the art and architecture of Persia.

Comrade A. A. Sherman is slowly recovering from the result of a severe operation performed on him at the Mass. Gen. Hospital which has proved a success and saved his life. Mr. Sherman received an injury to his side while serving in the war of the rebellion thirty years ago, the nature of which has always caused him more or less trouble since.

He was violently thrown from his horse and fell on his side on one of those Southern rail fences.

The weekly prayer meeting of the women of Hancock church, was held Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. J. H. Prescott.

LEXINGTON

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

New prints in desirable patterns, at Tucker's.

How about our hydrants—are they all right in case of fire?

H. G. Locke attended the funeral of Gen. Butler, which took place at Lowell, on Monday.

The Relief Corps held their regular fortnightly meeting in G. A. R. hall, on Tuesday afternoon.

We are informed that Mr. E. I. Garfield has sold his residence on Main St., to Rev. Irving Meredith. It is understood that Mr. Garfield will build a new and attractive residence in the spring.

An account of the fire on Collector Beard's estate will be found elsewhere. It was rather curious that no alarm was sounded in Lexington, the Arlington fire department being called to the rescue.

At the Guild meeting in the vestry of the Unitarian church, on Sunday evening, Miss Grozier read a paper of much merit. The young people took part in the exercises more generally than usual.

Those people who have been longing for an old fashioned winter ought to be fully satisfied with the weather of the past few weeks. There are others who are satisfied with it and could bear with a good grace a change.

John S. Spaulding will move his boot and shoe business into the store vacated by Cyrus Royce, in post office block. He will take possession on February 1st. This store will give him more spacious quarters for his growing business.

The opening of the new dry goods store in Hunt Building, with A. M. Tucker as proprietor, was a gratifying success. The store was visited by many friends and patrons of the town and vicinity, and there was evidently a feeling of gratification that another business enterprise had been added to those already flourishing here.

Lexington was represented at the banquet given at the Revere House, Boston, on Wednesday evening, by Messrs. Leonard A. Saville, R. W. Holbrook and Miss Holbrook. The occasion was the banquet and reunion given in honor of the ladies by the New England Ass'n of California Pioneers of '49.

The local Woman's Christian Temperance Union held its monthly meeting in the Keeley Inst. parlor, on Friday afternoon, Jan. 13. Already they have inaugurated a system of practical rescue work and exerting in a legitimate and womanly way their influence and efforts in the cause for the uplifting of fallen humanity. This work is broad enough certainly to include all sects and classes and doubtless Lexington will be to the front in this as in all other good works.

While driving in Somerville on Tuesday afternoon of this week, S. Meek, of Lexington, met with quite a serious smashup, by trying to turn a corner too abruptly, causing the sleigh to collide with the curbstone. His companion, Chas. Harris, of East Lexington, was thrown with considerable force from the sleigh, sustaining a painful wrench to one side and shoulder. Meek clung to the reins and thus retained control of the horse, but the sleigh was badly broken, and the accident proved a serious one to W. F. Sim, who owned the turnout.

Last evening, Thursday, Jan. 19, a large delegation from Independence Lodge visited the Concord branch of the A. O. U. W., going thither by means of Walcott's closed barges. The Concord lodge held their installation on that evening and paid the friendly wager made between them and the East Lexington Club I can assure the Lexington Association that the experience of the first few years of your Club has kept us away from State street.

Thus we have three distinct organizations numbering more than sixty members, representing nearly every manufacturing, wholesale and retail industry in Massachusetts—boot and shoe manufacturers, wholesale and retail clothiers, wholesale and retail dry goods, furnishing goods, small wares, rubber goods, produce, groceries, plumbers' supplies, milk, wool, real estate, furniture, electric appliances, paper manufacturers, insurance and railroad men, bankers and brokers, farmers, and undoubtedly trades that I have not mentioned, including also legal talent, a physician and a clergyman, so we are pretty well guarded.

Now the point I am coming to is this: What great influence sixty or more young men can have in the welfare of the town of Lexington if their energies are turned in the right directions! We can bring industries here and make a manufacturing town, or we can make a suburban town for residence second to none in Massachusetts. Which shall it be, a manufacturing town or a second Brookline? This is a question we might consider. How shall we go to work?

Cannot the finance clubs in this town, representing so many lines of business, professions and employments, act as a board of trade in Lexington? Can we not have a representative on the Board of Selectmen, Assessors and Board of Health?

Should we need better railroad facilities, let the finance clubs stand ready with able men to confer with the B. & M. R. R., who are always looking for more business. Gentlemen, the West End R. R. has just been granted the privilege of extending their tracks to Arlington Heights. It will not be many years before Mr. Whitney will ask the town of Lexington to grant the privilege of extending the West End tracks to Lexington Common. Will it be an improvement to real estate and the general welfare of the town to allow this extension? This is a question that will have to be met fairly and squarely, sooner or later.

Cannot this organization be ready to meet it? A National Bank will be needed, and can be supported in this town sooner or later. We can take good care of that when it is needed. Gentlemen, we do not know what the future will bring us; what opportunities for making money; what important questions may come before the town; but what we can have is an organization to meet any question or any scheme that may present itself.

After a long season of feebleness and at the end of a severe paralytic stroke, Mrs. Sarah A., the widow of the late Charles A. Butters, passed away at her home on Main street, on Sunday, January 15th, aged almost eighty-three years. Mrs. Butters survived her husband almost three years, his death having occurred at Lexington, on Feb. 21, 1890. Miss Butters has had the care of her mother all through these years of feebleness, who has been fortunate in having about her children and friends to show her all love and attention. Mr. Frank V. Butters, her son, lives in the house adjoining the homestead. The funeral took place at her late home, on Wednesday, at half-past two, the services being conducted by her pastor, the Rev. Carlton A. Staples, of the Unitarian church. The burial was at Lexington.

Miss Rose Tucker entertained the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society of Hancock church, at her home on Monument street, on Tuesday evening. The company numbered about forty young people and the occasion was a success in every respect. A unique entertainment was afforded by disposing of the ladies at "auction," to the gentlemen who thus secured their partners for the supper hour. The man bidding the

highest on each lady secured first choice. Each lady was disguised by being enveloped in a sheet, and he can readily realize that the bidding produced no end of amusement. J. P. Prince, Esq., was indispensable as auctioneer and he was so successful in running up the bids on his valuable stock that eleven dollars resulted from the auction which will go toward the building fund of the new church. Supper was served at ten o'clock in the dining room, which was heartily enjoyed, after which the remainder of the evening passed in an informal and social manner.

Last Saturday evening three kindred organizations united in a joint celebration and dinner at the Russell House, the event proving one of the most important and enjoyable of the season. The gentlemen interested in the affair are members of three financial organizations known as "Lexington Associates," an incorporated body, the "Lexington Club" and the "East Lexington Finance Club." These clubs number from twenty to twenty-five members, and the invited guests numbered about the same, so that a company of fully one hundred gentlemen gathered about the handsomely spread tables set in his dining room by landlord Russell at the hour set for dinner. Prior to the dinner there had been a social hour in the parlors, the most important feature of which was the presentation of a handsome ebony gavel, with silver plate appropriately engraved, to the East Lexington Club, by Mr. J. F. Hutchinson, president of the senior Club. The dinner was excellent in quality and was therefore thoroughly enjoyed. The good things being disposed of, the new gavel was brought into use by Mr. Hutchinson, who acted in the capacity of toastmaster, to call to order, and he then introduced the "East Lexington Male Quartette," who gave "Don't you hear them bells" with fine effect, and responded to the encore with another equally pleasing number. The speaking of the evening was interspersed with music by them, each number eliciting hearty applause. After the singing Mr. Hutchinson greeted his "fellow members and financiers of Lexington" in a happy manner. He was a strong advocate of inaugurating this fraternal gathering and was gratified at the success of the affair, because it was a full warrant for all he had done. Mr. Alfred Pierce, president of the East Lexington Club, was introduced as the first speaker, and his outline of the formation of the first Club in 1883, its flourishes in State street, and the final landing on a firm basis was heartily enjoyed, not more by those who had no part in it than those who had escaped pocketing losses. The story of the application for and the final receipt of a charter for the Club, under which it is now working, was pleasantly told. Mr. Pierce then took up the history of the other clubs, as follows:

"A few years ago a number of young men of Lexington, realizing the advantages of the Lexington Associates, formed a similar club known as the "Lexington Club," and within a year a club of the same kind, known as the "East Lexington Finance Club," had been organized. As a member of the East Lexington Club I can assure the Lexington Association that the experience of the first few years of your Club has kept us away from State street.

Thus we have three distinct organizations representing nearly every manufacturing, wholesale and retail industry in Massachusetts—boot and shoe manufacturers, wholesale and retail clothiers, wholesale and retail dry goods, furnishing goods, small wares, rubber goods, produce, groceries, plumbers' supplies, milk, wool, real estate, furniture, electric appliances, paper manufacturers, insurance and railroad men, bankers and brokers, farmers, and undoubtedly trades that I have not mentioned, including also legal talent, a physician and a clergyman, so we are pretty well guarded.

Now the point I am coming to is this: What great influence sixty or more young men can have in the welfare of the town of Lexington if their energies are turned in the right directions! We can bring industries here and make a manufacturing town, or we can make a suburban town for residence second to none in Massachusetts. Which shall it be, a manufacturing town or a second Brookline? This is a question we might consider. How shall we go to work?

Cannot the finance clubs in this town, representing so many lines of business, professions and employments, act as a board of trade in Lexington? Can we not have a representative on the Board of Selectmen, Assessors and Board of Health?

Should we need better railroad facilities, let the finance clubs stand ready with able men to confer with the B. & M. R. R., who are always looking for more business. Gentlemen, the West End R. R. has just been granted the privilege of extending their tracks to Arlington Heights. It will not be many years before Mr. Whitney will ask the town of Lexington to grant the privilege of extending the West End tracks to Lexington Common. Will it be an improvement to real